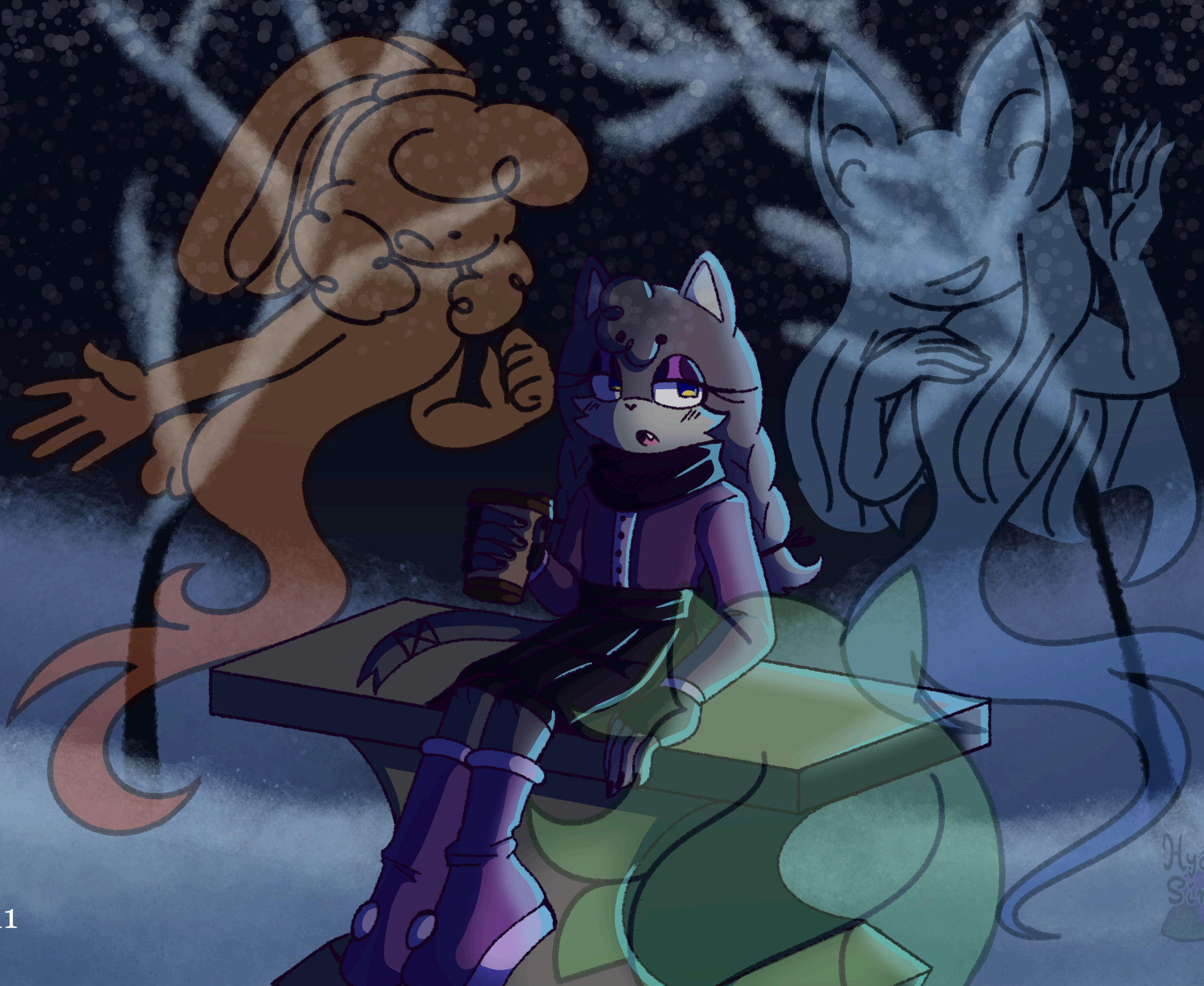
SONIC

Fankid Zine

Hydrangea Simp



Babie's first
KeaneArts
Welcome home 'Junior'
Junior's first steps

Just like their daddies

MARS
PATIENT: GADGET WOLF
09.29.2xxx
September 29th
Newborn Mars, Gadget, and Dr. Goldspire
Februrary 14th
1 year old
"Saving For Later" 4 years
3 years - BATH!
hippiecockatoo
PAW PRINT AT 3 YEARS
Had to Get to You - WOLFCLUB, Cadenti
years Dancing with Zero
DEC. 24
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
15
15th Birthday! SEP. 29
13 year
JA
First year
19
20

Their stories reveal

Regrets their smiles can't conceal

My daddy always said

"Nothing worth doing comes easy

Time is not your friend

Time is not your remedy

No amount of fear will keep you safe

No amount of waiting will make you

Make you brave

No amount of fear will keep you

No amount of fear will keep you safe"

Come what may

When I was a child

My nerves ran wild

And I watched my friends rise to the top

Your fears won't keep you safe

To the trees

The risk of fall

What if the steps I take

Turn out to be mistakes?

How can somebody like me

Learn to say

Come what may

Come what may

The older I get

The more fears I coll

I gather them from

people I meet

Come wh

The Watch-Winding Life of Luceatrix Venice

It's a school day, but Luceatrix wakes up early anyway. Well, early for her, anyway, since half of her family is already up by the time she normally gets out of bed. Although that statement doesn't mean much when one parent doesn't have a normal sleep schedule and the other wakes up when the sun does.

Still, it's early enough for her that her dads look surprised when she wanders into the kitchen at about half past seven.

"Hey, Trixie," Silver says while his daughter rummages through the pantry. "You're up early."

"So are you," she replies, finding herself a bagel. Her Papa laughs while she makes herself a breakfast sandwich. It's been nearly twenty years since Silver's endless protection of the future they lived in came to an end, but he has yet to fix his erratic sleep patterns. Although having kids probably didn't help much, either. He gives a scratch behind the ears to his daughter, who smiles and leans into the touch. Leave it to her Papa to know exactly what spot to hit.

"There's new sauce in the fridge," Solaris calls from the dinner table, bouncing one of the twins on his leg. "I got some last night. Oh, and say hi to the little ones before you leave, we're taking them to the Sol dimension later. We'll be back by the time you get home, though."

"Noted, thanks Toke," Trixie said, throwing her dad a smile as she walks to the fridge. True to his word, there's new aioli in the fridge, so she gives it a shake and puts some on her sandwich before settling down at the table. Watching the city of Soleanna, already awake for the day, from the kitchen window is practically a routine at this point, and it's a beloved one- it was beautiful, especially in the early spring. This time of year left the city electric even at its quietest moments- between the Winter Solstice Festival, New Year's, and the upcoming carnival later that month, there was never a time where the city wasn't buzzing with anticipation. Still, carnival was two weeks off, so there was no slowing down with school just yet. The year had just started, after all, and that meant settling into routine again.

Luceatrix is distracted mid-bite by her little half-brother toddling over to her and giving her leg some sort of a slap-hug. She looks down at him with mockingly dry surprise, putting her sandwich down.

"Good morning," she said after swallowing, her voice full of sarcastic formality. "Do you mind?" Her dad laughed from across the table, earning him a cheeky smile from his daughter. The toddler at her leg just made a happy whine, trying to reach up to her lap.

"Absolutely not," Trixie said with a smile. "You are not getting your little claws in my breakfast, mister Muffin." Still, she gives him a pat on the head, running one hand through his long quills. They were still soft, and wouldn't stiffen up properly for about six months yet, but even at two years old they were really long- at least compared to the rest of him. One of Papa's friends, uncle Sonic, had joked before the twins were born that they'd have quills like Rapunzel, but it was hardly a joke anymore- between Knuckles' echidna disposition for longer quills and Silver's own genes, no one would be surprised if either Chalco or his twin sister Maple's quills hit knee length before school age. Luceatrix took another bite of her sandwich, trying not to laugh at his impertinent little whine when he saw her food.

"Wuke…." he pouted, pressing against her leg. She could only smile and keep eating. At least he'd nailed the hard c in her name, which was new. Even if he was trying to pup-eyes his way to her breakfast while doing it.

"Leave her food alone, Muffin," Silver called from the bench. "You've already had breakfast, you little thief."

"You can see where the "ragamuffin" nickname came from," Solaris replied with a dry smile. "He's been like this all morning."

"He's been like this since birth," Silver deadpans, pulling his cup from the air and taking a sip. "Since before then, actually, I'm pretty sure he was the reason for most of my problems. You going back to the past after school, Luce, or staying here?" he asks.

"Past, I think, unless something changes. I'll tell you if it does, though." She replies, finishing off her sandwich and dropping the plate in the dishwasher. She doesn't wait around, dashing off to her room to find an outfit for the day and tweak her form to fit.

Many kids her age tend to take their time getting ready for pretty much anything- Out of laziness, executive dysfunction, lack of skill, or just because they can- but Luceatrix has an advantage. Between psychokinesis and shapeshifting, it hardly takes twenty minutes to get herself sorted and back down to the living room to leave. She slings her bag over her shoulder, gives her little brother and sister a see-you-soon kiss on the forehead, and heads for the side door.

"Luceatrix, if you go by the balcony again…" Her dad says from the couch.

"It's the fastest way, C'mon." she giggles.

"Is it the safest, though? And don't tell me you're immortal, because that doesn't mean invincible, young lady." Solaris says with a sigh. "I would know."

"It's nearly seven! There's not gonna be that much traffic for another half hour, and I'll be at school by then." She protests with a glance out the window (she's right).

“All right, then…” her toke says with a long-suffering sigh. She just laughs, says a quick goodbye and heads out to the balcony- Jumping right over it and launching herself into the air. Her parents don’t really seem to get it, but for her, the rush of flying is more precious than gold. And the more she practices, the faster she can get, weaving through the towers of Soleanna as close to the aerial speed limit as she can go. This route is familiar to her, after all. Even if she takes the long way around just to stay in the air for a while longer (at this speed, it would take less than three minutes to get to school otherwise).

She drops down a few levels, slowing to a stop above the schoolgrounds and lowering herself down quietly behind her friend.

“Morning,” she says cheerfully, and Jayjay nearly jumps out of their skin.

“Ah!” they whip around and punch her in the stomach automatically. They both dissolve into giggles.

“Hi, Jayjay,” she says. “Did I beat Benji, or nah?”

“You nearly killed me,” her friend says with a shake of their head. “You can’t be doing that, girl. But yes, you did.” They smile as she fist pumps, slinging her bag down on the seat next to her.“Good,” she says,

flicking her ear with a cheeky smile. “He owes me ten, then.” Jayjay snickers, leaning back to sit on a nearby table. This is where their group sits- their chosen spot on the grounds whenever they’re not in class- and it’s here that Luceatrix and Jayjay wait as their friends arrive one by one (with a reluctant Benji handing over his cash when he saw his friend’s smug face already waiting for him). School starts at 9 o’clock, but showing up early is a bit of a running thing in their group right now. And it gives them more time to socialize- which is good, because despite her somewhat reserved fathers, Trixie is a social butterfly. The only time she doesn’t talk when in proximity to her friends is in class.

Admittedly, she’s not the greatest student in the world, and there’s a lot of courses, so Trixie actually only has a few classes with any of her friends. She shares her intermediate math class with Benji for now (something she’s grateful for, because she hates having to redo trig), Jayjay and Caramel are in both of her sign classes, Harper is in her life skills class, Vale and Lotus take a music course with her, and Alle is in her reading comprehension class this year. The rest of her classes, though? Alone, at least out of her main friend group. Depending on how her schedule shapes up, she can easily go at least a few days if not a week without any classes with her friends in them. Thankfully, at least this term, she doesn’t have many of those. And her classmates are all pretty nice anyway, so it’s not like there’s an active downside to not having her main friend group with her.

Speaking of classes, she does like school, but couldn’t they spend a little less time just reading the book aloud in reading comprehension and get to the actual work…? Okay, yeah, some kids wouldn’t read the book otherwise, but surely the whole book doesn’t have to be read like this, right? Can they get past the reading and get to the comprehension? Please?

Luceatrix isn’t exactly the type to fall asleep in class, but she’s not the greatest at keeping boredom at bay, either. In times like these, anyway. Maybe it’s her fault for blitzing through the whole thing in one night.

…or maybe she should just start putting actual effort into her essays and get into a class level where they don’t have to do this next year…

Ugh, but how is she supposed to do that when there’s nothing to do for half the term?!

She glares at Alle from over her arm, turning her head to the side to hear their quiet chuckling from the seat next to her. The lynx gives her a surreptitious ear flick, holding the book up to his nose to hide a smile.

Luce just rolls her eyes, mouthing “Thanks Alle” for his lack of entertainment.

Really, though, it’s the teacher’s choice to spend lessons doing this, right? Can’t they… choose better? Okay, maybe it’s easier on them, but it’s not, like, the Dark Ages, teachers have had mandatory support with this kind of thing since before the 2100s. C’mon, it’s not the ‘20s. No one’s stalling lessons because they’re getting paid minimum wage. Don’t people go to school to do something? Like, other than read?

Given the sharp spike of pain in her foot, maybe Alle’s actually better off not giving entertainment and instead stopping her from absentmindedly burning her book to ashes. Any more lamenting over wasted time and she would’ve started sparking from annoyance. (How Papa is so good at keeping his powers under wraps all the time, I’ll never know…)

Still, Luce survives. And the next few classes are more fun anyway, which is great. Especially when she gets to give Benji back his cash by getting him an extra snack at the canteen, although it gets a little bit squished between the rest of her food. Say what you will about this school, but they take the food seriously. Potentially more than the grades.

“Hey, Luce,” Harper pipes up while Benji takes his snack. “Do your friends in the past get a few months off for the summer festival season? Me and lil’ Chell got into a little argument about it yesterday. I don’t think so, but they think it’s been a thing since, like, the nineteen hundreds.”

“You realize one of my friends is a robot, one’s homeschooled, and one’s a princess in another dimension, right?” Luce responds, stifling a laugh. “But no, they were surprised when they found out we do. Nah, they don’t have nearly as many festivals in a short space of time, and the school system where they live doesn’t really work like ours anyway.” Given that she has two separate friend groups- technically three, but she’s not the most popular among the Sol Dimension young nobles- it’s practically routine for Luceatrix to ferry information back and forth. Well, not so much back, since telling people in the past about the future tends to get risky, but helping her friends at home with their history homework (or arguments)? No problem.

“Knew it,” Harper said triumphantly, folding her arms and leaning back with a smile. “I win again.”

“They get into fights with me,” Harper retorts, not looking up while she struggles to open a box of sushi.

“Mm-hmm. Sure you do,” the peacock says, his voice laced with just enough love to make the sarcasm affectionate.

“Shut up, Lotus.” Harper rolls her eyes while everyone giggles. Affectionate teasing is par for the course with all of Luceatrix’s friends, past or future, and honestly, she couldn’t imagine anything less. It doesn’t matter who it is, if someone’s friends with this group, they’re going to get teased. Between Caramel, who was the youngest at about two years below Trixie, and Lotus, the oldest at 25 and back taking high school electives he’d missed the first time (which was hardly an unusual thing, he was one of many), no one of any age pulled their punches if they thought they could get away with it- and often, they very well could.

Still, breaks don’t last forever, so even the teasing and the jokes have to give way so everyone can finish eating before the bell goes. The day’s remaining classes aren’t nearly as boring, and lunch is as fun as always, but unfortunately that also means they pass by like a cool breeze on a summer’s day- far too quickly.

Perhaps, though, the quick passage of time is a benefit, at least today. After all, when the bell rings for the end of the day, Luce doesn’t even bother leaving school grounds before she opens a passage to the past and steps right through.

Her friends in the future are nice, and fun, but the past is where Luceatrix’s heart really lies. You can make friends at any time in your life, but the ones that start from the very beginning are, at least for Luceatrix, the most precious.

So it’s hardly a surprise for her friend Pip Robotnik to be tackled to the ground in a warm, tight hug.

“Lucie!” Pip giggles, rolling onto her back on the grass. She spreads her wings out, soaking up the sun, not bothering to move Luce off her. This is one of several customary greetings they have with each other, and Pip is good at not getting hurt. As is Luce herself.

“Hi, how’s it going?” Luceatrix asks. Admittedly, it’s been a day or two since they saw each other in-person.

“Just fine,” Pip replies, one ear twitching. “Although I think you might’ve spooked someone.” She smiles as Luce sits up, looking around.

“Hi Lucie,” their friend Twilight says upon meeting Luce’s eyes. “You startled me! I nearly pulled out my hammer,” she giggles, despite the hammer and the large, curved blade on its end already being fully extended.

“Oops. Sorry,” Luce replied with a laugh, taking the opportunity to stand up. “You have better reflexes than me, at least, I probably would’ve gone in to hit by now.”

“Aww, thank you!” Twilight says, smiling as the hammer folds back up into itself. It’s a gift from her Uncle Tails, a deadly mechanical step forward from her mum’s already lethal hammer- a weapon built to accommodate not just strength, but also speed. Hence why it folds in on itself to become a solid metal bag she can just… carry around.

Still, Luce has arrived at the picnic on time, so all’s well that ends well.

“And you’re just in time to avoid setting up the picnic, too,” Pip says with sarcastic vitriol, taking Luce’s hand to help her up. “Jasper, Kalina and Allegra couldn’t come though. Jasper didn’t do his homework and Kalina’s got system updates. Allegra it’s work as usual.” Usually, they wouldn’t have these outings without everyone, but the six of them figured out a long time ago that if they hold them anyway some of their friends can come after whatever they had planned.

Indeed, the picnic on the ground beside them is already set up. Rubi is, in fact, the only one actually taking the food out of the basket, although the others help her once they’re all sat down.

“Afternoon, Luceatrix,” Rubi says, her voice wavering a little as she tries to stop herself from a full formal greeting. Being a princess in the Sol Dimension tends to mess with your casual speech patterns, although her friends don’t mind.

“Hey,” Luce says, tilting her head down to give her sister a quick nuzzle. They’re not blood sisters, but they’re both connected by the same pair of half-siblings, so they count it. “How’re you handling the little ones?”

“Left before they arrived,” Rubi said with a slightly guilty chuckle. “Pupa and I have spent the whole day here.”

Luce laughs at the thought- Rubi and Knuckles, sneaking off to the Chaos Dimension for a day just so they don’t have to deal with Rubi’s little half-siblings. Realistically, she probably had the picnic planned in advance regardless, but the thought was funny.

“Yeah,” Pip says from across the blanket, “I’d leave for the day too if I knew I’d have to deal with Chalco and Maple before 10 AM. I feel bad for Mr. Gardon.”

The four of them can’t help but giggle, laughing a little guiltily about Rubi and Knuckles leaving to let the Sol Court deal with two one and a half-year-olds alone.

“They’ll be okay,” Twilight says, leaning back on her hands. “They’ve got plenty of entertainment.”

Laughter devolves into a comforting quiet as the four of them tuck into the food, passing snacks between each other. Luceatrix quickly discovers that the snacks are good; homemade biscuits and slices tasty enough to know that the baker was probably Twilight and auntie Amy. When she breaks the silence to ask, she's right about the slices, but not the biscuits. To the surprise of both Luce and Rubi, apparently the biscuits were instead made by Pip's parents, causing both to comment on how unexpectedly good they were.

"I didn't take Shadow for the baker type," Luce says, holding up a biscuit to the sunlight. "They're really good. When'd you get a good kitchen hand?"

"You probably didn't take him for that because he was an awful cook until, like, last year," Pip replies with a laugh. And it's true; the culinary arts have never been a skill of Shadow's- at least, until Amy had gotten fed up at the last holiday gathering and started showing up at Pip's house once a week to, quote, "Make the so-called Ultimate Lifeform less of a pathetic, nineteen-fourties dishwashing-avoidant loser of a hedgehog." That comment alone had set Shadow straight, at least when it came to obeying Amy in the kitchen. And it worked, so everyone benefitted.

"Oh, yeah," Twilight pipes up. "Me and dad used to take bets on whether mum would come home with something edible or not. He kept putting his faith in Shadow." She looks at her glove-covered nails mockingly. "I kept winning."

The other three all burst out laughing, delighted at the mental image of Twilight and uncle Sonic making pocket money bets the moment Amy left the house.

"No wonder you had so much pocket money last year," Rubi giggles, wiping away a tear from the corner of her eye. Twilight nods with a smug smile, still proud over having successfully bet her dad out of quite a bit more than her usual allowance. Of course, she hadn't won every time, since Shadow did get better (eventually), but she took her winnings as they came.

The four of them quickly descend into a fun little game of rating Shadow's biscuits with increasing amounts of unhinged, entitled and all-around silly nitpicks in a professional-critic tone, each one sending the others into harder and harder bouts of laughter as the sun begins to slip towards the horizon. By the time their missing friends arrive, all four of them are lying utterly incapacitated on the ground by all the ridiculous jokes, leaving the other three very confused and a little concerned- although they end up doing some rounds of their own, too, before the conversation begins to move on.

Hardly anyone notices as the sun dips lower and lower towards the horizon, only being reminded of the passage of time when a few people's parents text them asking when they are coming home. This is how it goes when Luceatrix is in the past- time itself begins to slip through even her fingers the more she spends it with her friends. It isn't just hours, it is days, years suddenly passing in a flash of laughter as she is fully absorbed by the little bubble of fun in which her and her friends and family seem to sometimes live.

Sometimes, she looks back on the past and it stares back at her, the weight of her own immortality settling on her shoulders like piles and piles of memory-burdened chains ticking like a clock. Sometimes, she looks back on the past and all she can think of is the timer ticking down towards inevitable loss.

But Luceatrix has long accepted the ghosts of her future. She is well aware of her fate as Solaris and Silver's child, and the abundance of divinity that such a role has, by nature, woven into her essence. She does not tread lightly around her burdens, but neither does she let the pain of her future dictate the past. For Luceatrix- or Perpetalis, as the divine call her- it is simply a matter of accepting that she will perpetually outlive those she loves, and treating each of her lifetimes the same way mortals do: as moments upon moments, each one to be utterly immersed in and not to be missed.

So she allows the time to slip between her fingers and lose herself in love, preferring to take grief over regret. Perpetual motion is in her nature, at her core, and she sees no point in trying to stop a wheel that will turn forever regardless. Better to have a single century's worth of happy memories than an eternal life stained by old regrets.

...Perhaps her Papa's optimism really is an inherited trait.

Or perhaps she is simply young and happy.

Regardless, she returns home smiling, if not quite in time for dinner.

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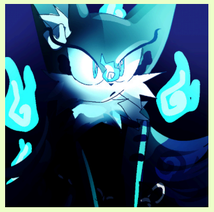

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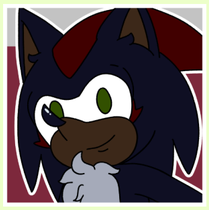

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